

## The CT's- The Beginning

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Summary: A new team of Counter-Terrorism experts is formed just in time to deal with an old enemy

### 1. Men With Big Guns

John Randall pulled on a black sweatshirt over the kevlar vest he was wearing. He picked up the Glock 9mm sitting on the passenger front seat of his black SUV and headed out into the darkness of the woods. His contact was somewhere out here, he knew that, but he had long forgotten the directions of where he was supposed to go. Sweating slightly from anticipation he quickly put about a mile between him and his car. Suddenly he heard a stick snap somewhere in front of him. Slowly, he pulled his gun up and squinted into the darkness. "You made it, and only 19 minutes late this time." He knew the voice instantly, it was his employer, or maybe his puppeteer, he still wasn't quite sure what this all was leading to. "I have enough men now" John replied still not sure of where in the darkness the man was. He reached for his flashlight but the man stopped him, "I think it would be better if we did not see each other face to face" he said matter-of-factly. "Okay, I still need the weapons and some body armor, and, of course, I still need to know what this is all about." John told the man. It was true, he had no idea what this man had in mind for him and his men, it had all started about two weeks ago.

> <br> John had always had a disdain for government, for America, and for the world. He hated what it was turning into. He always thought if he could have some power, he could do it differently, and most importantly better. That's how he had first gotten started in terrorism. But at first it was nothing big, he was a member of a militia in Arizona who were about as dangerous as a garden snake. He had spent most of his time there picketing city halls to push some stupid law or legislation the militia agreed with. That wasn't enough for John, he craved power, so he moved to California bought a rifle and joined the anti-government group known as the Anarchist America Society. It was there John got his first real taste of terrorism. About once every 3 years the group would plan something, a bombing, a

riot, or maybe an assassination. He had personally been a part of two bombings. One at the daycare of some high ranking legislatures 3 year old children. All in the building were killed, the death toll was 27 kids all under six years old and the 5 women who ran the daycare. The other was a small bomb in the home of Daniel Fisher president of a company working closely with the government on top secret projects. Both him and his wife escaped the blast with their lives. But none of that was what John was famous for, none of that was the reason he was now working for this man with unknown intentions. Four years ago when he was 31, then AAS long disintgrated, he had personally set up the successful assassination of President George W. Bush. Although he had not personally taken the shot, he had contracted the men and planned the whole thing himself. For that he was a hero to all anti-government groups around the world. No one was ever charged for that shooting, although unknown the government the sniper had been shot by the French Police after entering the headquarters of the French company International Computer Technologies Inc, a company known to in the pocket of the US government, with a shotgun. Finally John had gotten what he had always wanted, power and fame. For the next four years he had worked as an underground terrorist contractor. He knew where every terrorist was in the world at any time, and how to contact them. John had set up quite a few missions in the four years since the assassination, but nothing like this. This time he was working for someone. All his other missions had just been to satisfy his own feelings of superiority, but now someone else was calling the shots.

> <br> The man he was meeting with now had first made contact with John on May 3rd. It was a short 10 second message on John's answering machine saying simply "I know who you are, further instructions to follow." At first John was terrified he figured someone had it out for him, at least until he received the phone call two days later. "I will pay you if you do a job for me, I will tell you where to find more information tomorrow." John spent almost the whole day sitting next to the phone waiting for it to ring. Around 3:30 pm it finally did, he could clearly hear the obviously distorted voice. "Winston Park, tree next to men' room, knothole, find it quickly." He could hear the click as the caller hung up. Racing down the streets in his Ford Explorer he made it to the park, which was 7 miles away, in about 9 minutes. The men's room was in the middle of the park, it took John only a few minutes to reach it. He quickly found the tree the man had told him about and reached into the knothole in the bark. John pulled out a manilla envelope the size of a normal sheet of paper. Knowing he couldn't just start reading it there he tucked it into his pocket and made his way back to the parking lot. As soon as he got inside his car he ripped the envelope open. There was simply one sheet of paper in it. Pulling it out he read, "Get men, meet me at Hart's Woods at 12:30 am in five days." On May 11th at about 12:59 am, John parked his car next to the woods and then followed the only parked trail he could find deeper into the woods. He had heard the voice, the same on he was hearing now, "You're late, I didn't think you would show." "Sorry 'bout that," he replied "I have 5 men ready for a mission, so what's up?" "I can't tell you that now, get 5 more men and meet me in 2 days same time, here again." "Alright, I'll try," he told the man and walked back to his SUV. That's what brought him to today, May 13th, standing in the coldness of the woods, talking to man he had never seen, planning a mission he knew nothing about. "Oh, yes... you don't know about the mission yet, well I can tell you this, it won't be easy. I have some friends, and well, these friends would be very, very thankful if I could do a favor for them. You see, my friends work with the TFFA, Terrorism For a Free America,

its a new group, they haven't really made a name for themselves yet. These friends, they could help this, um... group, very much by getting some documents from the vacation house of a member of the CIA. Also, this TFFA isn't too well funded at the moment so you would need to also take the CIA man and his wife hostage for around, hmmm... 40 million. If you agree to do this I will pay you 3 million. If you complete the mission successfully I will give yuo another 7 million. Also I will supply each member of your team a mp5/10, its a mp5 chambered for a 10mm round, nice and deadly, and kevlar equipment. Well, I must think this is a lot to think about. Talk to your team, see if they'll agree, you'll really need about 10 men to have any chance of pulling of this mission off."

>"Okay, I am more then ready for this and I'm sure my men will be too." "Good, very good, I'll call you in 3 days, I have some matters to attend too." With that John could hear the man walk off deeper into the forest. Damn, John thought, this is a really great opportunity. He could get into a new terrorism group from the ground up. He'd be their hero too, man, if he could pull this off, damn it would be sweet. With that thought in mind he drove off. <div>

## 2. The New Team

Tom woke up to his alarm as usual, but today was going to be anything but normal. He was a member of SEAL Team Six, one of the most highly trained special force unit in the world. Today his life was going to change. The United State government had signed a contract about two months ago with the British SAS and German GSG-9 to create the world's best special operations unit. It would focus mostly on Counter-Terrorism and thus the team had been dubbed the CTs. Today the members were to meet and operations were to begin. Hopefully, if all went to plan, the unit would be operational in 3 weeks. Capt. Tom J. Landly would be the only American joining the team, two British SAS captains and 2 GSG-9 agents would round out the five man team. Today the men would meet for the first time and would begin training in there new base in Germany. It was about time for a team like this to be made, terrorism was becoming a huge problem. After the president's assassination four years ago it seems the terrorist decided to come out of the woodwork and make a huge damn scene. Just a month ago the prime minister of England had been kidnapped and held until the SAS moved in. Tom knew nothing about a guy named John Randall, or how infamous he was.

> Three hours later he was in a black stretch limo. Damn, he thought, the Germans treat people right. After a short 20 minute drive he arrived at his new home. It was a fairly small complex, simply a five story building and a domed field in the back. He figured that was the training area. The men would be living in dorms in the building for the time being. That was something Tom was not to happy about. He had a very nice beach house in California and now he was going to be living in a two room dorm. The driver of the limo came around to Tom's door and opened it with a salute. Tom grabbed his backpack and stepped out into the bright sunlight. Squinting he saw two men walking towards him. "Captain Landly, welcome," said the older of the two men, "I am General Henry Grey, I guess I'm in charge of yall." Tom started to salute, but Henry stopped him, "Oh, that's not necessary, never cared much for all that saluting and shit." "Yes sir," Tom replied. "Well I might as well introduce you now, this is Gary Hanning, former member of the SAS, he'll be on your team." "My team?" Tom was surprised to hear this, a general would never say that unless he meant something. "Oh yes, you hadn't been informed? You're

going to be the leader of the CTs, I guess that's what they are calling this team now, well let's get inside." <br> Walking through the doors of the building Tom was surprised to see it looked just the entrance to any business a single secretary was behind a counter in the middle of the room. "Afternoon sirs," she greeted them with a smile. There was no real clues to make anyone believe this was the headquarters of the foremost counter-terrorism team in the world. Besides an American, German, and British flag on the back wall there was no distinguish characteristics to the room. Henry lead the two men through the double doors on the right side of the room. The halls we carpeted and large, all around there were armed guards who nodded as the three men passed. At the end of the hall there was a door that lead to seven separate offices. "One for all the team members, me and Kerry, she'll me my number two in this operation. The second floor is basically the armory and a few firing ranges. Third floor has some tactical practice areas, fourth is the dorms and fifth floor is the offices of our info team, secretaries, and tech people. The back field has an obstacle course a track and a kill house. That about wraps up the tour, you men might as well get up and unpack, it will be a few hours before the other arrive."

> Tom was happily surprised to find out the dorm were nothing like he had expected. It was quite large and luxiorous, it was about the size and quality of a five star hotel in Paris. The main room was the bedroom, it had a large king size bed with a night table on each side, there was also a large bay window with a door in the middle leading out to a nice small balcony. The other room was a sort of a mixture of a kitchen and dining room. Half was tiled and the other half had beautiful peach carpeting with a large sofa and a stand with a 52" TV on it. The tile half had a few counters, a fridge, microwave, and a small electric stove. He quickly dumped his baggage on the bed and collapsed on the sofa. Tom clicked on the TV and to his surprise he found many channels he was familiar with. "Must have a satalite hook-up somewhere," he thought to himself and clicked the TV off. Before he knew it jet lag overcame him and he was asleep.<br> Tom was awoken three hours later by one of the security officers he had passed during his tour downstairs. "The others are hear sir, briefing time." he recited in a plain voice.

"Oh...yeah...Thanks...uh.." he paused to find out the name of the man. "Sargent. Johnson, Internal Security Officers, sir" the man called out with a salute. John still lying on the couch sprang up to return it. "Follow me, sir," Johnson commanded in a pleasant tone. "Oh right, lead away." John said and follow Johnson out of the room.

End  
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